THE EMERALD.

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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 16.

The subsequent number made its appearance November 6, 1727, and was written in consequence of the Earthquake that was felt in this town on the night of the twenty-ninth of October of the same year and the following morning. This must have produced a scene far more terrific than even the total eclipse. It gave fine scope to the writer to paint the intrepidity and fearlessness of virtue; to show that integrity could impart a firmness, that, to realize the idea of Horace, could make a man stand without fear amid the wreck of matter, though worlds should strike him in their fall.

Si fractus illabatur Orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. HOR.

THERE is not any one passion of the mind which more distracts and throws it into greater confusion than fear. This, if let loose upon a man is the most exquisite torment he is capable of suffering, either in this or a future state. So strong may infinite aversion to misery is implanted in human nature, that whatever threatens to render unhappy, we fly from with the greatest horror; and when once our terror is truly awake, there is hardly any thing we would refuse to reduce our souls to their former ease and tranquillity. As our lives are justly more dear to us than any temporal blessings with which heaven induiges us, so in proportion there can nothing strike us with a greater damp, than the sad prospect of losing that upon which we place so high an esteem. And this must be observed as a maxim, that our fear always rises in proportion to the worth and excellence of what it is probable we shall part with.

According to this rule, when one who is at ill terms with his Maker, sees his conscious spirit in danger of being immerged into his presence, he must of necessity be torn with all the distractions which this passion of fear is capable of giving him; for as he cannot but be sensible that his soul is the best part of his composition, and that the frame and make of it renders it more susceptive of the impressions of misery; so to see that he must endure the most penetrating tortures in that tender portion of himself, for the longest duration, must needs work up his spirit to the highest extravagance of dread and terror. We may all then be able to judge into what uncommon agitations of mind the late unusual convulsions of the earth flung the profligate and the wicked.

Those of my readers who are sensible they have deserved that character, will spare me the trouble of painting the deep anguish which at that time wrought itself into their spirits. But sure I am, that the trembling of the globe which tottered under their feet, racked them with that amazing distress and con-

sternation, that they wished themselves the innocent men they have so often despised, and saw the reason of that virtue which before they would bestow no other names upon, than of folly, cant and hypocrisy. What could they think of at that season but the final dissolution of all things, and the earth shuddering into its primitive abyss and confusion. Did they not every moment expect the ground under them would cleave asunder, and absorb them in its voracious jaws? Or else that sheets of flame would burst from the heavens, as well as mighty fires break out of the caverns of the earth, till this little spot that hangs in the immensity of God's works, had blazed till it burnt to its periodical dissolution? What frightful images of guilt then rose up in their imagination, and told them with what little confidence they should be able to see him whom they had pierced? In such wicked and prepared breasts, it may reasonably be concluded that fear reigned without controul, and lashed severely with the cruel whips of a tyrant. Their past conduct could give them no other than the most formidable expectations, and if they threw themselves upon the mercy of the Supreme Being, their hearts must needs flutter with a thousand tremblings, as having too melancholy a reason to doubt that he would reject their prayers: and the most gloomy and wild terror must need stare them in the countenance, who expected suddenly to be thrown out of their bodies into the vengeance of the Almighty.

There is nothing so capable of surprising and damping a human creature as *earthquakes*. Then all hearts, as it is expressed in scripture, *fail them for fear*. Those who can look upon lightning undismayed, and hear the roars and breaks of thunder in the atmosphere with an unshaken calmness of mind; those who can brave death in the front of a battle, and charge with an intrepid magnanimity through the growing terrors of the war; yet when the earth rocks under their feet, their hearts sink like lead, paleness spreads itself in their countenances, their limbs seem to fail them, they can scarce bear their weight, and they are at once let in to all the near and astonishing prospects of eternity. The thoughts of descending down quick into our graves, startles the most resolute spirit, and would weaken the sinews of the strongest man alive. When sickness has gradually snatched away most of the pleasures of life, when our bodies languish, our food no more nourishes, our taste fails, the objects of sight cease to charm, and music is deprived of its harmony; when our breath fails, and we can no longer converse nor be conversed with; then life no more appears the desirable thing it once was, but divested of its beauties and comforts, we leave it with less regret; may frequently wish to desert our tabernacles, when they are become no longer agreeable habitations. But when we enjoy the fulness of our strength, and are most capable of enjoying our life, to meet our destiny with all the vigour, and quick and lively sentiments with which our health inspires us; to be rent from our bodies, or have our souls pressed out of them by the crushes of the earth, and our habitations shatter down over our heads, or to be overwhelmed and drowned with a lake of boiling water suddenly rising out of the ground, must needs be one of the most surprising deaths we

can suffer in our present existence.

When the earth rumbles under us and begins to wave and quiver, where shall we run for refuge and safety? To our habitations? they feel the same trembling and convulsion with the earth. Shall we run out into our streets? the earth may gape under, or our houses tumble over us. If we ascend the tops of hills, the earthquake is there, and the mountains *skip and leap like lambs*; either that part under our feet may open and so ingulph us, or the whole of them may sink down till their tops are lower than the vallies which before lay at their feet. If we imagine to fly to the waters, flames may belch out of the sea and make a speedy consumption of us, or our foundation may fail us before we can get thither. So that upon all account an earthquake leaves us the least security of our lives, of any one temporal judgment. If an earthquake be caused by imprisoned wind, which wanting vent, rushes with a bellowing roar under the earth, and heaves up the ground into trembles, it must give one an amazing horror to think this subterranean vapour must break out some where or other, and that we do not know but it may rush out under our feet, and bury us all in one prodigious chasm. If it be caused by fires, which burn under us, and run in rivers of flame, which threaten to blaze out in the most dreadful eruptions; it must fearfully surprise us to think how the outward convex earth which is our present foundation, is only an arch, which as it were hangs over a fiery sea; and that if it once should cave in, we should fall into a boiling and sulphureous lake.

It is the sentiment of the best modern philosophers, that the earth is continually sapt and undermined by fire; and its vitals burnt with an hectick fever, so that it is gradually preparing for the final conflagration, when its extreme surface will at last share the fate that is now suffered by its entrails. Doubtless, those burning mountains which throw out of their caverns perpetual flames and cinder, and sometimes vomit rivers of melted materials, have numerous sources from all parts of this globe, which still supply them with fresh and eternal recruits. So that an earthquake must needs give us some natural expectation and image of those last tremendous convulsions when this large and spacious arch which is stretched over the hollow that is under it, shall descend down with a mighty noise, and the waves of fire breaking out, shall boil over it.

What heart at the consideration of this, is not ready to melt away with fear! And there is nothing can so loudly recommend to us the excellence of virtue and religion, as the consideration, that by these alone we can bear up amidst the crush of a world trembling to a dissolution. How divine must be that fortitude and courage with which christianity invigorates the breasts of its votaries? When the knees of the wicked smite together, and you may read despair in their ghastly countenances, this hushes all the noisy and tempestuous fears in their souls, calms all their powers into a decent and humble resignation to the Divine Being, and gives them that unshaken serenity and noble magnanimity of spirit, that a clear undisturbed heaven of innocence shines over their heads, while the earth is tottering and bending under their feet; and should their frail bodies fall into

the unseen depths of the globe, their souls would willingly leave their tabernacles, and launch into that immense ocean of glories, for which they have prepared themselves by their fidelity to their Creator. Happy would it be if the vicious part of my countrymen would improve this unexpected turn of providence to their benefit, and admire and pursue the path of that innocence which alone can compose the soul in the general shipwreck and dissolution of nature.

R.

ENGLISH PERFORMERS.

IN a work entitled "Memorials of Nature and Art collected in a journey in Great Britain in the years 1802 and 1803," and translated from the German of C. A. G. Goede by Thomas Horne, are contained a variety of remarks on the English stage, and portraits of many of the London performers. After noticing some defects of the personation of character which applied to every actor on the English stage, the author proceeds:

"When a performer is become an adept in gesticulation, it generally diffuses a grace and harmony over his local attitudes. We must likewise acknowledge, that distinguished English actors appear perfectly at their ease. Some of them may even be regarded as exemplary models, and here Kemble more especially claims the pre-eminence. His attitudes are, for the most part, majestic and picturesque. In this particular, indeed, he far outshines Cooke; for tho' Cooke excels in mimic action, he possesses neither the pith, the point, nor the picturesque beauty of attitude for which Kemble is remarkable.

Of this Kemble is, in fact, such a consummate master, that with him it appears a spontaneous production of nature. While he abundantly satisfies the most extravagant demands of criticism, he does not betray any efforts in attaining his end; whereas the French actors, Talma and Lafond, notwithstanding the beauty of their attitudes, always shew evident symptoms of study and labour.

Of all the female performers Mrs. Powell appears to the greatest advantage in this species of picturesque. She possesses much practical talent, a refined taste, and many excellent parts, which are greatly set off by the charms of a fine person. Most of the rest manifest the same indifference to art which nature has displayed towards themselves. In reality, I question whether there exists at any European theatre so many untheatrical female figures as on the London stage. The managers appear to have made it their object to blend together the two extremes of emaciation and corpulence, with a manifest partiality, however, to the latter. They pay less regard to gentility of shape than bulk, and the shortest figures are enrolled, provided they compensate by rotundity for their deficiency in height.

The English performers are less ambitious to acquire excellence in every department than to distinguish themselves in those particulars in which they may expect the most effectual support from their own natural abilities. Nay, even those among them whose deserts are most conspicuous, such as Kemble and Cooke, appear to have applied all their powers to this object, and to have made it the ultimate scope of their ambition. They sometimes soar to an astonishing eminence in parts for which they

within themselves congenial talents and dispositions; but they generally remain very defective in those in which they have to subdue their own refractory natures by violent exertion. This I have particularly witnessed in three different representations of Richard III. at Covent-Garden, in the Haymarket, and on the Dublin stage. Cooke performed the character at Covent-Garden. It is universally esteemed his *chef-d'œuvre*, in which he has a decided pre-eminence over Kemble. He certainly gives us a genuine transcript of Richard's character, and pourtrays this hideous monster with matchless force in all those scenes in which he discovers himself in his native colours; but whenever it is necessary to assume the vizor of hypocrisy, he is seldom successful, and often wholly fails. This was more especially the case in the second scene of the third act, when Richard endeavours to cozen the frail Lady Anne, and to insinuate himself into her affection—a scene exhibiting the triumph of his dissimulation, which he himself considers as a miracle, and of which he speaks with diabolical exultation. In this admirable dialogue, Shakespeare makes Richard speak with all the warmth and rapture of ardent passion, though deformed and stained with a crime of the foulest dye, yet in the passion which respires through all his words and gestures he becomes amiable to her eye: his hypocrisy must therefore borrow the native colours of truth in a superlative degree, or it would shock the feelings of the spectator by wearing the semblance of mockery. In this particular Cooke grossly belied his character. His voice and gestures betrayed a vulgar hypocrite, who might easily be detected by the most superficial observer, and would create disgust even in the most insensible minds. Thus the manner of the performer, and the expressions which the poet puts into his mouth, were at variance. The latter appear the natural rhapsody of delirious passion; they counterfeit all the various modulations of feeling; the high and the low, the gentle and the fierce. But Cooke assumed one invariable tone of voice, and one invariable mien; the wary, deliberate elocution of a hypocrite, and the farce of crafty dissimulation. Of these both were incompatible with nature. We can only account for this gross violation of propriety, by supposing that Cooke has partially cultivated his sublime talents for a display of the savage and the brutal, which makes him appear unnatural when he endeavours to personate the mild and the humane.

Kemble is the darling, he may even be termed the idol of the populace. Few persons will venture in any particular to adjudge the palm of excellence to Cooke. Such sentiments would be too hazardous, especially in the presence of English ladies, who, upon every occasion, are zealous advocates for the former.

Kemble possesses an elegant masculine figure, and his handsome shape is eminently ennobled by art in picturesque attitudes. His countenance is one of the most majestic which I ever beheld upon any stage; it is a perfect oval, set off by a fine aquiline nose, a well proportioned mouth, firmly compressed; eyes not deeply sunk in their sockets, shaded with thick eyebrows, pregnant with fancy, and flashing with lambent fire; an open forehead, somewhat arched; a chin projecting in an angular point; features cast in a happy

mould, where no harsh lines are discoverable. These collectively compose one of those physiognomies which command respect at first sight, because they announce, in the most expressive manner, a man of exquisite sensibility, of sound intelligence, and of complete ascendancy over all the motions of his will. If his eye were devoid of a certain cast of enthusiasm, his countenance would present the portrait of a polished, dispassionate, selfish courtier, hackneyed in the ways of the world; but that enraptured glance, warmed by the kindly beams of fancy, qualifies the indentation of his chin, and the stern compression of his mouth. His voice, though melodious, is feeble, of small compass, and very flat. This is the chief natural impediment, which this extraordinary man, so richly gifted in other respects, has to encounter.

Cooke does not possess the elegant figure of Kemble; his countenance, however, is not devoid of manly expression. A long nose, somewhat incurvated; a pair of eyes fiery and significant, a high and rather broad forehead, the muscular lines which impart motion to the lips sharp and prominent; these are the most remarkable features of Cooke's physiognomy. It is less noble and majestic, but more impassioned than that of Kemble, and few actors can more emphatically depict the hurricane of passion. His voice is strong and capacious, an advantage in which he excels Kemble, and which he knows how to employ with great effect. His general exterior is not so happily formed for gesticulation.

Montaigne never knew what he was going to say, but he always knew what he was saying.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

WE have noticed in a distant Gazette, "Remarks" on some recent selections in "The Medley," as if they tended to censure in the Clergy classical accomplishments. We can only disclaim in behalf of ourselves and the original author such a construction. The selections were meant merely to reprobate the exclusive consecration of the clerical mind to classical pursuits to the neglect of that biblical science, which is the *one thing needful*. Ecclesiastics there certainly are, whom on this account *much learning has made mad*. We would neither discourage classic attainments in our ministers, nor classic ornaments in their ministry. We are followers neither of JOHNSON nor FOSTER. We cannot think with the Doctor, that theology precludes adornment; but believe that truth, like virtue, is more grateful in a comely form; and that divine truths are not wholly unsusceptible of certain embellishments. Preachers may so mingle *sacra profanis*, as not to profane the sacred, but consecrate the profane. They may avail themselves of flowers to draw the attention to fruits. They may make allusions to classics, that both illustrate and embellish, and yet the pulpit be "*filled with awe*." "As certain also of your own *poets* have said," introduced a striking quotation to the Athenians of the Apostle PAUL. All the force with which JOHN FOSTER has reasoned upon this subject has not yet convinced us, that progression in polite literature is deterioration in real christianity. He will pardon us for deserting his precept to cleave to his example. We think the fine arts only so many handmaids around the altar of religion. If the works of nature persuade the powers of art, that can improve them, must convince, of the existence of a Deity. We admire the liberality of TILLOTSON, that could commend and indulge the utmost latitude of reasoning as favourable to the cause of religion; and are satisfied, that since to promote truth, reason cannot be too highly improved, so neither can taste be too exquisitely refined or laboriously purified. Nature has constituted an alliance, offensive and defensive, between orthodoxy and literature.

CHARMS OF AMERICAN CURIOSITY.

From Janson's Stranger in America.

With the women whose curiosity is generally admitted in other counties to be by no means inferior to that of the men, you may naturally expect to fare no better. This I likewise found by manifold experience. One instance, which occurred during the excursion described in this chapter, shall here suffice. Seeing a pleasant little cottage on the river Connecticut, and understanding that it was to be let, I knocked at the door, which was opened by a woman, of whom I enquired the rent of the house.

"And where are you from?" was the reply.—"Pray, madam," I again asked, "is this house to be let?"—"Be you from New-York or Boston?" said the inquisitive dame. The place was situated about half-way between those two towns. Impatient at this mode of reply—"I'll thank you, madam," I repeated, "to acquaint me with the price demanded for this little place?"—"Pray what may you be?" rejoined she, as if fully determined not to satisfy my enquiry till I had gratified her curiosity. I was not less resolute than herself, and turned my back in disgust.

Among the females, a stranger may soon discover the pertness of republican principles. Divested, from that cause, of the blushing modesty of the country girls of Europe, they will answer a familiar question from the other sex with the confidence of a French mademoiselle: I would not, however, be understood to question their chastity, of which they have as large a portion as Europeans; my object is merely to shew the force of habit, and the result of education. The arrogance of domestics in this land of republican liberty and equality, is particularly calculated to excite the astonishment of strangers. To call persons of this description *servants*, or to speak of their *master* or *mistress*, is a grievous affront. Having called one day at the house of a gentleman of my acquaintance, on knocking at the door, it was opened by a servant-maid, whom I had never before seen, as she had not been long in his family. The following is the dialogue, word for word, which took place on this occasion:—"Is your master at home?"—"I have no master?"—"Don't you live here?"—I *stay* here."—"And who are you then?"—"Why I am Mr. ——'s *help*. I'd have you to know, *man*, that I am no *sarvant*; none but *negers* are *sarvants*."

SHAKESPEARE.

"He was never any scholar as he would if alive confess," says an old author. "But by keeping company with learned persons, and conversing with jocular wits, he became so famously witty, or wittily famous, that by his own industry without the help of learning, he attained to an extraordinary height in all strains of dramatic poetry; so that Heraclitus himself might afford to smile at his comedies they were so merry, and Democritus scarce forbear to sigh at his tragedies they were so mournful."

"Many were the wit-combats between him and Ben Jonson, which two we may compare to a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war. Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances. Shakespeare with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of

all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

An epitaph written for him at the time of his decease, thus commences.

Renowned Spenser, move a bit more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare, in your threefold, fourfold, tomb;
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until doomsday; for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that by fate be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.

BEN JONSON

Was compelled by poverty to leave Cambridge after having entered at St. John's, and was obliged, for subsistence, to have recourse to manual labour. His mother had married a bricklayer, and with him he assisted in building Lincoln's Inn, where, tho' he had a trowel in his hand, he had always a book in his pocket.

ABOVE PAR.

Mead recommends a little excess or joviality, *now and then*; and, I confess, I believe it to be as salutary to the mind and affections, as it can be to the body. Shaftsbury somewhere calls company or conversation *an amicable collision*; but, methinks, it should be a little warmed and elevated with wine. I would not rant with Horace, *quid non ebrietas designat*, and so forth? Drunkenness is an odious and beastly thing, and as noxious to the mind as to the body: but, to be cheered beyond the natural tone of the spirits, and raised to a standard somewhat bigger than the life, may (I should think) be attended with good effects upon both. By thus invigorating the vital powers, and quickening for a while the circulation of the fluids, obstructions may be removed among the *interiora* of the body, as the gathering *sordes* of rivers are occasionally forced down by a stronger current than ordinary. The immaterial part of us will also be benefited equally with the material; aye, perhaps more so. Fresh strength and firmness will be given to the spirits; all those *clouds* or vapours, with which the human noddle is, like Shakspeare's *towers*, frequently *capped*, will be dispersed; the heart and affections will be warmed and exalted; and the whole man will be a better, as well as an happier, being. In short, by taking off his attention from folly, vice, care, and misery, and thus forgetting his situation a little, he will insensibly procure a new edition of himself.—All this, however, if you mean to prevent its efficacy, only *now and then*.

COPY OF A PETITION TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

To his Highness the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The humble Petition of Margery the wife of William Beacham, mariner,

Sheweth,

That your petitioner's husband hath been active and faithful in the wars of this commonwealth, both by sea and land, and hath undergone many hazards by imprisonment and fights, to the endangering his life, and at last lost the use of his right arm, and is utterly disabled from future service, as doth appear from the certificate annexed; and yet he hath no more than forty shillings pension from *Chatham* by the year.

That your petitioner having one only son, who is tractable to learn, and not having wherewith to bring him up, by reason of their present

low estate, occasioned by the public service aforesaid,

Humbly prayeth, that your highness would vouchafe to present her said son, *Randolph Beacham*, to be a scholar in *Sutton's* hospital, called the *Charter house*.

OLIVER, P.

We refer this petition and certificate to the commissioners for *Sutton's* Hospital.

July 28, 1655.

Copy of a letter sent by Oliver Cromwell *to his Secretary, on the above petition's being presented.*

"YOU receive from me, this 28th instant, a petition of *Margery Beacham*, desiring the admission of her son into the Charter-house. I know the man, who was employed one day in an important secret service, which he did effectually, to our great benefit, and the commonwealth's. The petition is a brief relation of a fact, without any flattery. I have wrote under it, a common reference to the commissioners, but I mean a great deal more, that it shall be done, without their debate or consideration of the matter and so do you privately hint to. ———

"I have not the particular shining bauble or feather in my cap for crowds to gaze at, or kneel to, but I have power and resolution for foes to tremble at. To be short, I know how to deny petitions; and whatever I think proper for outward form to refer to any officer or office, I expect that such my compliance with custom shall be also looked upon as an indication of my will and pleasure to have the thing done; see therefore that the boy is admitted.

Thy true Friend, OLIVER, P.

———

In repenting or acknowledging fault, we look less in our own imagination, but greater in the eyes of others. A general having beaten an officer, on a misinformation, begged his pardon at the head of the army. The officer replied, *Sir, you have restored me my honour, but taken away my life, for after this, I can do no less than sacrifice it in this days service*—it being just before an engagement.

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FROM SIR JOHN HARRINGTON'S

"BREEFE NOTES AND REMEMBRANCES."

Who livethe in cowrtes, must marke what they saie,
Who livethe for ease, had better live awaie.

One Sunday (April last) my lorde of London preachede to the Queenes Majestie, and seemede to touche on the vanitie of deckinge the bodie too finely.—Her Majestie tolde the ladies, that "If the bishope helde more discorse on suche matters, shee wolde fitte him for heaven, but he shoulde walke thither withoute a staffe, and leave his mantle behind him:" perchance the bishope hathe never soughte her Highnesse wardrobe, or he woulde have chosen another texte.

I muste not forgette to call on the Treasurer: he that dothe not love the *man*, will have little favoure with the *mistresse*, and I am in good likinge withe bothe, praisede be God.—My Lorde of Essex is also my friende, and that not in bad sorte. He bidds me lay goode holde on her Majesties bountie, and aske freely. I will attende tomorrowe, and leave this little poesie behinde her cushion at my departinge from her presence.

TO THE QUEENS MAJESTIE.

For ever dear, for ever dreaded Prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounc'st each word, and every letter,

Your gracious reading grac'st my verse the better :
Sith then your Highness doth, by gift exceeding,
Make what you read the better for your reading ;
Let my poor muse your pains thus farre importune,
Like as you read my verse, so—*read my Fortune.*

From your Highnesse saucy Godson.

It is worthie notinge, when we finde how little sure happiness is allotted even to the mightie on earthe. Philip [II.] of Spain reigned fortie-two years in troubles and disquietudes, loste his provinces, whilste he was strivinge to enlarge his possessions, and then in old eage was eaten by lice when living : " God grante me no further ambition than to be eaten by wormes when I am deade !" and this I saide to the Queene.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Exports of British Manufactures.

	GENERALLY.	U. STATES.
	£. Sterl.	*£. Sterl.*
Brass and Copper Manufactures,	654,000	83,142
Cotton Goods,	13,810,000	4,645,739
Glass and Earthen Ware,	750,000	175,526
Haberdashery,	1,256,000	313,764
Hats,	567,000	99,260
Iron and Steel,	3,336,000	684,678
Lead,	378,000	44,619
Linens,	1,165,000	289,044
Salt,	248,590	84,689
Silk Manufactures,	751,000	425,165
Tin and Pewter,	378,000	79,189
Woollens,	10,154,000	4,866,178
	33,647,590	11,809,993

Sir John Carr's Tour in Scotland is preparing for publication, and will appear this season.

Dr. Wernick, pastor of the Dutch church in Austin Friars, who has successfully employed himself in translating the Life of Washington into Dutch ; has also undertaken a tr nslation of Mavor's British Tourist, into the same language ; both works being to be published at Leyden, without loss of time.

Mr. Gilchrist is printing an examination of the Charges maintained by Mese Malone, Chalmers, and others, of Ben Jo son's enmity towards Shakespeare.

Lemon-juice has generally been e ployed for taking stains out of linen, b a German journal gives a more œconom cal method, by means of aqua fortis. O or two drops are sufficient for taking a large spot of ink without damagi the linen It is necessary previously moisten the spot with water, and to ri it afterwards in water.

DOMESTIC.

Rice was first introduced into the Ca linas by Charles Dubois then treasurer the East India Company. Thomas Mar a Carolina merchant, observed that fro the situation and nature of the soil a climate, rice might be produced to gre advantage in Carolina. Dubois obtain for him a bag of East India rice and was sent to South Carolina about 16 It met with many difficulties in con quence of the ignorance of the cultiv tors, for the first nine or ten years ; th did not raise sufficient for their home co sumption ; but a Portuguese vessel fro India arrived with a considerable quanti of rice which was distributed over t colony, though not in great abundanc The assembly of South Carolina grant a bounty on its importation, and a sh from Egypt derived the benefit of it 1712, and in 1713 another ship from M dagascar demanded the same advantag In 1716 it became an article of commer and in 1726 they exported 40,000 ba rels.

The first barrel of tar made in th country was produced in New England a Capt. Coram in 1698. Before that th had used Swedish tar ; after which was very generally made all over the co onies. It seems *Coram* being much pr voked, at the extortionate price of Sw dish tar, and observing the process which it was made, undertook to ma an experiment when he arrived at hom and it abundantly succeeded.

Several mineral springs in this town a its vicinity have of late come into us and it is said are very beneficial in vario diseases. We shall take the first oppo tunity to publish a more particular a count of them.

POETRY.

MARMION; A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

The poem of Marmion, by Walter Scott, has occasioned much conversation in England; we have already made some extracts from it and as it probably cannot be easily attained in this country, we subjoin some more of the poetry. The first canto opens with the arrival of Lord Marmion at Norham Castle in Northumberland, the seat of Sir Hugh Heron; where an entertainment is made for his lordship. Sir Hugh calls for the wassel bowl and thus addresses his guest:

"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion;
But first I pray thee fair,
Where hast thou left that page of thine,
That used to serve that cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare.

When last in Raby towers we met
The boy I closely eyed,
And often marked his cheeks were wet
With tears he fain would hide:
'Twas no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen brand
Or saddle battle steed;
But meeter seemed for lady fair,
To fan her cheek or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery rich and rare
The slender silk to lead:
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
His bosom, when he sigh'd
The russet doublet's rugged fold
Could scarce repel its pride."

Marmion quits the castle the following morning with a Palmer as a guide, who was supplied by Sir Hugh. The Palmer is thus described:

"From Salem first, and last from Rome,
One that has kissed the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine—
On hills of Armenie has been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the Prophet's rod;
In Sinia's wilderness he saw
The mount where Israel heard the law;
Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin
And shadows, mist, and darkness given.—
He shews St. James's cockle shell,
Fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
And of that grot where olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily;
Saint Rosalie retired to God."

The abbess of St. Hilda is described in the second canto. She is summoned to meet the Abbot of St. Cuthbert and the Prioress of Tynemouth, at Lindisfarn, or Holy Island, for the purpose of passing sentence on two monastic offenders.

"The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair, too, she was, and kind had been,
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Or knew the influence of her eye.
Love to her ear was but a name
Combined with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys were all
Bounded within the cloister wall;
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic vows the breach;
And her ambition's highest aim,
To emulate St. Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower,
To elevate the eastern tower;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She decked the chapel of the Saint;
And gave the relique shrine of cost,
With Ivory and gems imbost;
The poor her convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its hall found rest.
Black was her garb, her rigid rule,
Reformed on Benedictine school;
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare,
Vigils and penitence austere
Had early quenched the light of youth,
But gentle was the dame in sooth;
Though vain of her religious sway,
She loved to see her maids obey;
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well."

The Vault of Penitence, the horrid scene of this meeting, is described, and the culprits are then introduced:—

"Before them stood a guilty pair;
But though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And on her doublet breast
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But at the Prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,

And raised the bonnet from her head
And down her slender form they spread
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverly they know,
Sister professed of Fontevraud."

The abbot being about to pronounce sentence, is thus addressed by Constance, whose calmness and fortitude before the assembly are finely contrasted with the pusillanimity of her companion.

"I speak not to implore your grace;
Well know I for one minute's space
Successless might I sue:
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.
I listened to a traitor's tale
I left the convent and the veil,
For three long years I bowed my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly's meed he gave
Who forfeited to be his slave,
All here and all beyond the grave.
He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.
The king approved his favourite's aim,
In vain a rival barr'd his claim,
Whose faith with Clara's was plight;
For he attaints that rival's fame
With treason's charge—and on they came
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are prayed,
Their lances in the rest are laid,
They meet in mortal shock;
And hark the throng, with thundering cry
Shout Marmion, Marmion to the sky!
De Wilton to the block!
Say ye, who preach heaven shall decide,
When in the lists two champions ride,
Say, was heaven's justice here?
When loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death
Beneath a traitor's spear.
How false the charge, how true he fell,
This guilty packet best can tell.—
Then drew a packet from her breast.
Paused, gathered voice, then spoke the rest.
Still was false Marmion's bridal staid
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried;
'Sir Marmion she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.'
One way remained, the King's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I lingered here and rescue plann'd
For Clara and for me:
This caitif monk for gold did swear,
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And by his drugs my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be.
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice hath undone us both.
And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my sole that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betrayed,
This packet, to the King conveyed,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke
Although my heart that instant broke.
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but death, who comes at last.
Yet dread me from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome;
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance would he take
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends,
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic king
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults so strong and deep,
Burst open to the sea-wind's sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones,
Whitening amid disjointed stones;
And ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be.
Fixed was her look, and stern her air;
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair;
The locks that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seemed to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy,
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
With stupid eyes the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listened for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread,
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given.
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—
'Sister let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother part in peace!"

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